

telligently to work upon this conflict. She read, she reasoned, she wrote, she argued, she pleaded. Months passed in a struggle whose usefulness seemed a pitiable hope, to be frustrated in the effort.

Then she laid aside her strong pen and turned to her great faith. As the season of the sacred holiday approached she shut herself into her room, secluding herself from all but God, and only such a believer—as only such a woman—may. As she had set the full force of her intellect, so now she set the full power of her faith, to work upon her soul's desire. One may not dwell upon that sacred battle. But a beautiful part of the story, as I have been told it, is that a few weeks after this a letter reached her saying only: "At Christmas time a light came to me. I see things differently now. I see my way to accept the faith of my fathers; and the belief in Christianity, which is everything to you, has become reasonable and possible to me at last."—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in "McClure's Magazine."*

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

New Year's Day is a splendid time of the year to try it, children! A friend of mine told me about this little girl and her brother. One cold frosty morning they went on an errand.

They were dressed very thinly, and the little girl's coat was too short and too narrow and too small every way; but as they walked briskly along, she drew the curly-haired brother closer and said, merrily:

"Johnnie, come under my coat; you look shivery."

"It isn't half big enough for us two," said Johnnie.

"Oh! I guess I can stretch it a little." And with a tremendous jump and pull, she tucked the little head inside the scrumpy coat, and they put their arms around one another, and grew warm and cozy as two birds in one nest.

How many coats have we to "stretch a little" at the beginning of the New Year, I wonder.—*Sunbeam.*

REVERENCE FOR OLD FOLKS.

The car was crowded when an old man, leaning on a cane, entered, groping along with the aid of his cane for a seat. He had gone more than half way without finding one, when a boy of about ten years old caught sight of him and was on his feet in a moment.

"Here, sir," he said, kindly, "take this seat, sir, if you please."

"But what will you do?" the old man asked.

"I'll stand," was the smiling answer, which he did.

"Well, bless you, my lad!" said the old

man as he sat down in the comfortable seat. "I'm a thousand times obliged, and I'm sure when you get lame and old there'll always be a seat for you."

A Greek historian tells how, in the pure and early and most virtuous days of republic, if an old man entered the crowded assembly all rank rose to give room and place to him. In the "Iliad" this respect for the aged is prominently portrayed.

In company with several young friends a boy was hurrying along the walk of a busy street. Suddenly he stopped with a glad exclamation, took off his hat and bowed, while his face grew radiant. A country carriage, in which sat an old-fashioned but smiling old lady, went rolling swiftly by.

"Who's that old lady that you are so mighty polite to?" asked one of the boys.

"That's the best and dearest old lady in the whole world," was the quick, proud answer. "That's my grandmother."

Many a boy, could he voice his thoughts, would sing with the poet—

"Who shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?"

And we can easily answer the questions when a boy who respects age asks them—

"For bravest and brightest that ever was sung,
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young."
—*Ernest Gilmore, in Christian Work.*

MINDING MOTHER.

Mary was going to use kerosene to kindle the fire, but her mother discovered it, and stopped her before she had poured the oil into the stove.

"You must never do that," she said. "You might set fire to your clothes and burn yourself terrible, or the house might burn. You understand me Mary?—under no circumstances are you to kindle the fire with kerosene. Remember what I tell you."

One day, not long after that, Mary was left at home alone, while her mother went to visit a sick neighbor.

"Start the fire about five o'clock if I'm not back before, and put the tea kettle on," her mother told her when she went away.

Five o'clock came, and Mary tried to kindle the fire with shavings, but they burned out without seeming to set fire to the wood.

"I know what I'll do," she said; "I'll pour a little oil on the wood. Mother won't know."

She got the can and began to pour some oil in the stove. The wood was not burning, apparently, but there was fire enough about it to ignite the oil as it streamed from the can. The blaze flashed up the little stream to the spout, and an explo-

sion took place which covered Mary with burning fluid. She ran out of doors screaming for help. Fortunately, a neighbor happened to be passing, and he came to her rescue. But she was so badly burned that she came near dying. When she got well, her face was disfigured for life.

"O, if I had only minded mother!" she often says, when she looks at her scarred face in the glass.

If she only had! But it's too late to think about that now. The mischief has been done, and she must bear the consequences of her disobedience.—*Eben E. Rexford.*

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Now dawns again the glad New Year,
The golden bells are ringing;
While high above, sound pure and clear,
Angelic voices singing:
The dying Year has bowed its head,
In Winter's midnight hoary;
But New Year's light shall overspread
The world with floods of glory.

Thanks be to God whose hand divine
Through all the desert leads us;
Who makes our path with light to shine,
In pastures green who feeds us:
Goodness and mercy follow on
Our footsteps kindly guiding,
Till we shall dwell where Christ has gone,
With Him in peace abiding.

Die with the Old Year, vice and sin,
Darkness and dire oppression;
And with the New Year enter in
All good, to take possession:
Come love and blessing, joy and peace;
Come righteousness eternal,
Come the glad hour when sin shall cease
In blessedness supernal.

Thanks be to God this blessed day,
For mercies new each morning;
For comforts given, tears wiped away,
And hopes of glories dawning.
And so our New Year's song we sing,
And tell our thankful story,
Till God's great New Year shall begin
In everlasting glory.

—*In Christian.*

Children's Department.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Boys and Girls:—We extend to all of you our wishes for a happy New Year. Let us make an effort to live better during the coming year than we have ever lived. Will not all of you help us to keep this page filled with letters? You have done very well thus far. And we thank you for the good work you have done for Brother McFaden.

Following is the list of names of those who have sent a dime or more for the Mission Fund since last week.

Maggie E. Miller, Meyersdale, Pa., \$.20
Martha A. " " " " .10